

Unlikely Magic

When I got the news of my dying,
the apartment presented another disaster.

Buzzed the doctor, assuming he received
the same vile report. "Ah yes," he

purred, "couldn't be worse." I can't leave
this chaos behind. "Don't you have friends
to lend a hand?" Yeah, but they're not much

into final trips. Knowing I'd never
be ready in time, refused to leave.

Period. So the place still looks like shit
and most things have remained lost. Amen.
For years now. Amen encore.